

And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Ban. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem*. Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the far's i'th fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, wash'd a Tile,
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornefull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin;
Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th taile
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,
In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,

Our busines is become a nullity

Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th nettle,
Goe thy wajes, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

Enter Taylors daughter,

Daughter. The George alow, came from the South, from
The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound a

Chaire and
Hooles out,

O let me have your company till come to the sound a

There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer out away.

3. Ther's

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as
mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are
made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,

Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz
Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe
Your teeth will bleede extreame, shall we dance ho?
I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni*. A Tinker Damzell? (play

Daug. Or a Conjuror: raise me a devill now, and let him
Quipassa, o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perswade her to a peace:

Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis.

Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade. (Winde Hornes)

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswasively, and cunningly: away boyes,

Ex. all but Schoolemaster.

I heare the hornes: give me some
Meditation, and marke your Cue;
Pallas inspire me.

Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.

Thes. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit downe, wee'l say it.

(Ladies.

Sch. Thon doughtie Duke all haile: all haile sweet

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Country pastime made is,

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